10: Lodge S-5 (1919, 1939)1941
EF6 Serbs EF6
Bulgaria EE1

invaded by peasants from the villages in their national dress with their many-coloured wares. Women usually congregate in a side-street, often spinning or knitting as they sit on the raised cobble-stones beside their market-bags and baskets of eggs, cheese, butter, or chestnuts, a bundle of ducks or chickens reposing at their feet, and perhaps a lamb or little pig in their laps. One part of the market is set aside for the woven stuffs and embroideries of the women. These are spread on cloths on the ground, or hung round the sellers in their little shelters. The men visit the cattle market usually held in a field on the outskirts of the town. The streets are dense with people, for both peasants and townsfolk are bargaining and discussing business.

After their goods are sold the peasants wander round, looking at the gay shops and buying what they need. On market days the merchants display special goods and ornaments—anything likely to attract the peasants; while pedlars from Hercegovina carry round little vanities and modern trifles like small mirrors, knives, tablets of scented soap, pocket-books, trinkets; and the sellers of lemonade, sherbet, *boza*,[1] coffee, slices of melon in summer, hot chestnuts in winter, pink heart-shaped cakes, rings of bread on sticks, ply a lively trade. Veiled and gloved Moslem women gather in side-streets to sell their bright silks, gold-shot embroideries, and lace-flower-edging or Bibilka work. They often thrust their wares on the passers-by, finding later narrow alleys where they conceal themselves for their midday meal.

In the older towns all workers of the same trade have their little booths and shops side by side, in the narrow side-streets. In the Street of the Silver-workers the craftsmen sit beside their cases of delicate filigree, bending over their fine black and silver inlay, or fitting a minute coil of silver-wire into an intricate pattern on ring or belt, while to one side the tiny pin-point flame of the blow-pipe pricks the obscurity. In the Street of the Copper-smiths hammers on resounding metal beat out an incessant and vibrating din.

[1] *Boza*, made from maize, is a favourite drink all over Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. I dislike it.